The Liberalist

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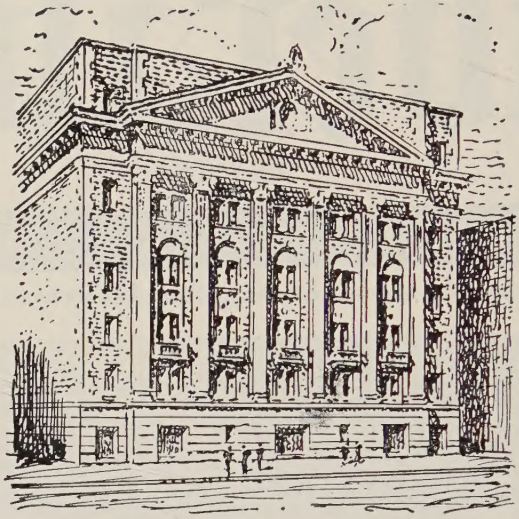
Where the sandalled Dawn like a Greek god takes the hurdles of the hills,
And the brooding earth rubs sleepy eyes at the song some lone bird trills,
Where a brook like a silver scythe of the moon, awaits your warm caress—
Ah, these are the gifts that the High Gods fling to mortals in duress!

(From "Road Song" by W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez, from Marjorie Barrows' "One Thousand Beautiful Things.")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

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"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THROUGH the years I have given many commencement addresses before graduating classes in high schools, colleges and universities throughout the country. I have had high school classes with twelve in the class and with 600 in the class; and have spoken in many colleges and universities of various sizes; but of all the commencement occasions in which I have participated, the one which I had recently will always stand out with me as the most important I have ever had.

Last winter when I learned that Professor Laurence Jones of Piney Woods Country Life School, down in Mississippi, was to be in Chicago over the week-end, I utilized it as an opportunity of meeting a man I have wanted to meet for years. I have been familiar with his work at Piney Woods, its origin, its history and its development and progress. I was able to get in touch with Prof. Jones on Saturday afternoon and invited him to speak in our pulpit the next morning. He was already committed to another church for the Sunday morning service, and then I asked him to appear with me on my WBKB television program at 9:30 on Sunday morning. This he gladly consented to do. Some of my readers may have seen that program and if you did will know that his presence lent an aura of inspiration such as one seldom sees on television. It was my greatest experience in television and we received more telephone calls and letters in regard to his appearance on the program than I have ever received from a television program.

If one were to judge from outward appearance alone it would be impossible to envisage the greatness of this little man from the physical appearance. Slight of build, small of stature, with a noble countenance, crowned with a shock of white hair; one knew that here was a noble soul and a great heart. Probably next to Booker T. Washington, with whom he is frequently compared, he is the best known negro in this country. In fact, he is called the Booker T. Washington of Mississippi.

On the television program I asked Professor Jones some questions regarding the origin of his work at Piney Woods and also the basis for his philosophy of education. It was a memorable experience to be seated in the studio with this noble and great man. As we left the studio in the Civic Opera Building and I bade him goodbye, he turned to me in the hall and said: "Dr. Bradley, would you come down to Piney Woods and give our commencement address to the graduating class this year?" I replied: "Never was I more honored to receive an invitation." I meant every word of my reply. If the Chancellor of Oxford University in England, or the President of Harvard or Yale would invite me to give their graduating address I would not consider it a greater honor than to have been invited to Piney Woods; and particularly at this time, when the tensions are becoming increasingly apparent in the whole field of human relations.

Professor Jones has the answer. And if I were a philanthropist and could afford to do it, I would send a copy of Beth Day's book entitled "The Little Professor of Piney Woods," published by Julian Messner, Inc., of New York,

to every member of Congress, every member of every State Legislature and Assembly, the Presidents and the Boards of Trustees of every College and University in this country, to the members of all organizations, both white and colored, to the editors of all the newspapers, both white and colored; in fact I would put this book in the hands of the people of the United States, for within the covers of this book is to be found a solution for better race relations; a finer understanding of the social significance of the problem; and could the emphasis which Professor Jones gives in his great work, be distributed through all the activities for better understanding, we would see a transformation in this whole situation in the next generation.

I have long concluded, after being active in the field of human relations and as a member of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations in which the acuteness of the problem of race relations was constantly before us, that the answer is not to be found in any form of force or violence, the policeman's club, a jail, or in organizations advocating racial hatred or superiority. It is to be found in the well authenticated processes of education and religion. The ignorant person, black or white, is always responsive to the appeals of demagoguery. I wish every person, and particularly the extreme partisans of either white or black would go to Piney Woods if only for a day. They would have an experience which would shatter many of their pet theories, and most of their attempted methods of solving the situation.

When I stepped off the train in Jackson, Mississippi, on that beautiful morning of the commencement, as I walked down the train shed, my first surprise was to see coming toward me to greet me, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President of the Woman's Club of our church, and Mrs. Hulda Winbaugh, the Vice President. Before Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Winbaugh left Chicago for their Southern visit some two or three weeks before, they said to me, "We might see you in Piney Woods." I was rather expecting to see them at the commencement in Piney Woods, some miles from Jackson, Mississippi, but I did not expect to see them at the train. Mrs. Stone is a Southern-born woman from Louisiana. They drove more than 100 miles out of their way while returning to Chicago to spend the day with me at Piney Woods. Neither had visited Piney Woods before. They gave me a hearty greeting and as we walked a little further along in the train shed, I was welcomed by Professor Jones' secretary, who came to Piney Woods very early in her life and has been a part of the institution ever since, and a young negro student who was acting as the chauffeur for me. Professor Jones the night before had just been given a degree at Tuskegee and had driven all night from Tuskegee back to Piney Woods and needed a little rest in order to meet the responsibility of graduation day.

The drive from Jackson, Mississippi, out to Piney Woods was through a beautiful countryside — one of the loveliest I have ever seen. When we turned off the main highway into the campus of Piney Woods, I felt almost that I was entering holy ground. I thought of young Laurence Jones, a young negro from Iowa who graduated from Iowa University and had the dream of doing something to raise the intellectual and spiritual status of his people. In his quest to find the place in which he would like to begin his lifelong effort he traveled over most of the South and finally found a beautiful wooded hilltop not far from Jackson, where, under a noble tree, he faced his first young pupil who sat on a log and

became the first pupil of Piney Woods. I stood under that tree with a sense of awe and gratitude.

Under the tree rests the wife of Professor Jones, who shared with him the sacrifices and the heartaches of those early years. This was all more than 45 years ago. The log cabin in which they lived is near the tree. Over it has been constructed a permanent roof protecting it from the elements. As Professor Jones took us through the little cabin, the light in his eyes bespoke the glory and the gratitude for what has happened.

Professor Jones was a product of the North and as a lad never shared the experiences which traditionally came to the negro child. His father owned a barber shop in St. Joseph, Missouri, and when he went to the University of Iowa he waited on table at a fraternity house to help pay his own way. It was probably these early academic experiences which inspired him to make the basis of the program at Piney Woods —for every student at Piney Woods works for their board, their shelter and their opportunity. There are no idle students. After being graduated from the University of Iowa he had many offers of positions, but he had early decided that his life was to be spent in behalf of the forgotten children of his race. He started immediately for the black belt of Mississippi and had the first teaching experience in Hinds County. It was there he discovered that he was almost wholly unfamiliar with what it meant for a negro to live in the South. He knew that there was a long period of study and adjustment ahead. He said the most difficult experience of all which he had, was learning that he was not to speak to a white man unless he was first spoken to. It was this rule that he knew he would break when the time came, and he did.

He went home at Christmastime with one of his students to spend the holidays in Rankin County, which is the Piney Woods country. There he knew he had found his challenge. There he stayed and from Piney Woods his influence has become world-wide and his institution as famous as any school in the United States.

Our own great philosopher, as I so frequently say, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said once that every great institution is the length and shadow of a great personality. I know of no institution in the United States of which this is more true than it is of Piney Woods Country Life School. In quoting now from a paragraph or two of Beth Day's book, we get a picture of the problem as it existed and we see through his eyes the vision at the very beginning. It was on this Christmas visit that Professor Jones brought his friend's attention to the idea that there was the place to build the school. The following Sunday Laurence went about the countryside. The boll-weevil blight had brought near starvation to farmers who bought all their "meat and meal" on credit against their cotton crops. But this made Laurence Jones all the more determined; for one-crop farming was one of the things he hoped to combat.

"The first step toward building a colored school was to secure the approval of the local white community. Without that nothing could be accomplished. On Monday, then, Laurence went to see one of the leading citizens, John Webster, owner of an outlying sawmill. 'Mr. Webster,' he said as he entered the mill office, 'I'm Laurence Jones.' John Webster merely grunted 'Well?' and went on with his work. But the mill owner's secretary and his bookkeeper looked up in outraged surprise. It was the first time they had ever heard a negro introduce himself.

"I've come here to start a school

for colored children," Laurence said crisply, "a school to teach better farming practices and trades."

"Webster eased back in his chair and grunted a second 'Well?'

"Laurence could feel the tension in the room as the three Southerners found themselves in the unfamiliar position of 'listening to a nigger talk.' Laurence rapidly outlined his plan for the school, and noted John Webster's flicker of interest. But when he had finished, Webster commented flatly: 'No use trying to start a colored school here, Jones. We white folks have enough trouble supportin' our own schools.'

" 'I'm not asking you for money,' Laurence said quietly. 'I only want your permission.' "

"Webster shrugged, 'I won't ever lift a hand to stop you,' he said, 'but you won't get any help out of the whites.'

" 'Thank you, Mr. Webster,' Laurence said courteously. 'May I call on you again?'

" 'Reckon so,' Webster mumbled uneasily, 'but I'm a tellin' you, Jones, I'm a heap more interested in sawmillin' than I am in nigger education.' "

It is a long way in the life of Professor Laurence Jones from that moment to that other moment that Sunday afternoon in January, 1955, when a group of Mississippians gathered in Jackson to honor the President and Founder of the Piney Woods Country Life School. To outsiders this meeting may have seemed like any other memorial tribute to a job well done, but for the people of Mississippi it was a revolution of love, for on that day white and colored proudly shared a speaker's platform, and Governor Hugh White proclaimed Dr. Laurence C. Jones "Mississippi's First Citizen."

In between these two moments in the life of Laurence Jones is the whole history of the ultimate solution of racial misunderstanding and hatred. In December, 1954, the Little Professor was made the subject of Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" program. Edwards was so overcome by the story as it unfolded, that he asked the listeners to send in a dollar bill to aid in raising a permanent fund for Piney Woods. The heart of America, as always when touched by need, responded, for within two weeks more than $600,000 had poured into Piney Woods; and today a $750,000 Laurence C. Jones Foundation has been set up for the perpetuation of the Piney Woods Country Life School. The Foundation is being administered by the Committee of the First National Bank of Jackson, Mississippi, and at the commencement at which I spoke the President of that bank and the chairman of the committee in charge of the Foundation were present. Both of course are prominent and fine white citizens of Mississippi.

The day that I spent on the campus of Piney Woods will be a part of my life all the rest of the way. Never was I treated with finer courtesy. I met the students by the score. How I wish there were a thousand Piney Woods Schools in this country. Dr. Jones has always believed in a rigorous program for the students and no idleness. They still rise at 5:00 a.m. and go to their classes and jobs by bells. If they are late to meals they get nothing to eat. Every student must do some work and the majority carry a full work schedule. Students maintain the buildings. They made all the brick that is in the buildings on the campus. They grow 60% of the food they eat, do all the pressure canning, sewing, laundry and dry cleaning (as part of a trade course for boys). Yet despite this stern regime, 75% of those who enroll gradu-

ate with an accredited high school or junior college diploma. It now takes $100,000 a year to run the school, and the money has to be raised every year. The Laurence C. Jones Foundation which has been set up is to guarantee the perpetuation of the Piney Woods School, with the eventualities which time always brings as the years pass.

As I stood up to address the graduating class and the packed auditorium after the gracious and kindly introduction given me by Professor Jones, I felt I was facing a challenge and an opportunity which has seldom come to me. There were almost as many white people as black people in the audience. The great school band had played. The R.O.T.C. had presented a fine appearance with great precision and distinction. Graduates gave demonstrations during the program of the work which they did while they were in school. A young student from the west coast painted a picture on the stage as part of the graduating ceremony. A new library has been constructed on the campus which is the only air conditioned library in the State of Mississippi—a modern, attractive building. Other buildings are in the making. The contribution of the Piney Woods School to the solution of the problem of better human relations is not the only factor involved. The training of the individual students to become integrated personalities enables them to be fine examples of a race which has accomplished more in the arts and in science in less than 100 years, than some races have achieved in a thousand years.

After the exercises, as the class walked about to greet me, I never faced a finer, more intelligent group of young people. If you ever have an opportunity to be anywhere near Jackson, Mississippi, do not fail to go and visit Piney Woods. You will be received with great hospitality and courtesy and will be most welcome.

I hope and I pray that I have not made my last visit to Piney Woods, for as I was leaving the campus and saying goodbye, to get my train back to Chicago, Professor Jones said, "Will you come next year?" I said "Yes," immediately. I see him now, standing under a beautiful magnolia tree that was in full bloom, waving his farewell —the Little Professor in a white linen suit—his head of snowy white hair and a smile on his face, as I turned back for a final gesture of farewell. I thought "What a life of service, of love and nobility!"

A SOUL IS BORN

A soul has come to earth; it lies
Shrouded in blue in the pram next door,
And the sparrows twitter their welcoming cries,
While a sunbeam starts from the clear blue skies
To give of his golden store.

'Tis Spring and life is beginning anew
In the garden where Pamela lies half-awake,
But she hasn't yet heard the pussie-cats mew,
The birdies call and the dogs bark too,
Or the whisper the big trees make.

I know not what colour her earth-eyes are;
Her hair is black though it may turn gold:
What matter so long as she follow her star,
Though the way be hard and the journey far,
And she be weary and old?

A soul is born: let us welcome her birth,
For here she can learn all the wonder of living,
The mystery of love and the magic of giving—
God's child in the nest of God's earth.

E. Doris Spencer.

(Mrs. Spencer is the wife of Dr. Sidney Spencer, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Dr. Bradley has often been a guest in the historic and picturesque home of the Spencers and their friendship is one of his most delightful European memories.)

"REALIZE THE MIRACLE THAT IS YOU!"

Sermon by DR. WM. CLYDE DONALD II
Pastor of the Bethel Church
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Sunday, April 15, 1956

I MOST CERTAINLY would betray my deepest feelings if I were not to convey to you within the structure of this church, as well as to the radio audience, the deep privilege that I count it to occupy this wonderful, magnificent pulpit. There wells up within me what words cannot exactly express, but they are rich and wonderful memories of affection and memories that take me back across, perhaps not many years, but some significant years, because I can see myself sitting down in about the middle of that center section when I was a student in the seminary! And I used to go around wondering where, on a Sunday morning, I could find an inspiring, thought-provoking voice, and I found it in the Peoples Church of Chicago! Beloved, do you know what a long distance it is from that seat to here? If you do, then you know something of my inability, utterly, through the medium of spoken language, to tell you all that I feel welling up inside of me!

Well, maybe that sets the stage for what we're going to talk about, for we're going to talk this morning about YOU! We're going to talk about the miracle that is YOU! And, possibly, when one recognizes the inability to always convey through the medium of the spoken word what he deeply feels within himself, perhaps that is one further evidence of the real miracle that is part and parcel of our human experience. The truth is, is it not, that you and I live in a world of miracles, and far too many of us take everything for granted. The RADIO, which is carrying my voice to thousands of listeners on this Sunday morning; the TELEVISION, which picks a picture out of the ether and puts it into our living room; the TELEPHONE, which brings a voice across the miles into our homes—all of these would be considered, if our forefathers could come back and witness them, to say the least, as miraculous things! And yet, they have become commonplace to you and me. And even though, possibly, we may still keep a sensitive awareness to these marvelous miracles that the age of science has brought to us, we may actually have lost, unfortunately, our sensitivity to the even greater miracle which is the EAR that hears or the EYE that sees or, perhaps, as Dr. William Penfield, the eminent neurosurgeon of Magill University, has said: "The central switchboard of the human brain, which in its complexity, is far greater than anything else in ALL creation!" The fact is that when the evidence is brought to us in the various disciplines of human knowledge, we become aware that, actually, every single human being IS a miracle! When Paul preached to the men at Athens he was, I think, trying to get this fact across to them. For there he went to Mars Hill and seeing an altar to an UNKNOWN god he stood forth and immediately began to speak, and he said to the men of Athens: "I perceive that you are religious, for here you have built an altar to an

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

IN 1843 Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of the wisest men who ever lived in this country, wrote in his journal one evening: "Yesterday Thoreau made a very wise remark. He said: 'When a man stands in his own way, everything seems to stand in his way!'"

The analysis of one's own personality is probably the most difficult form of all personality analysis! Most of us can with alacrity and facility analyze the personality of someone else, but fewer of us, I think, are authorities in analyzing and forming judgments about ourselves.

The reason many people get into difficulty about standing in their own way is because they are attempting to live life in terms of externalism, and not in terms of inner spiritual beauty. I wonder how often people sit down when in the midst of some grave difficulty or when in the agonizing experience of some heartbreaking experience of life, some loss, some betrayal, something that shakes with everlasting fury the very depths of your souls, and you wonder why you are not able to meet that situation—how many sit down and examine themselves at such a time. How many can turn their vision on the eternal spiritual personality which is their real self?

How many times do you hear people say "Well, I'm going to look after Number One now! If I don't look after myself, nobody else will, so I'm going to look after Number One!"

I think there is a better approach than that. Instead of looking AFTER Number One, most of us would get along better if we would look AT Number One. Say to yourself: "I'm going to see what qualities and characteristics I have developed that make people dislike me. I'm going to look at Number One and I'm going to see what has happened to my own spiritual and intellectual boundaries so that I have closed the doors of my mind so that dogmatism has taken possession of what ought to be creative thinking."

I think at the moment of two illustrations I want to give you. The first is the illustration of a mother who had a little son and his father was away in Korea and had been away for some time. Then one day she received word that the father was coming home, and she wondered what effect that would have upon this child. She said to him one day, "Your father is coming home!" And the little boy turned to

his mother and said: "I wonder what he will bring me."

Contrast this with another little son. The beautiful, spiritually - minded Dwight L. Moody sat one day in his Study at Hilltop, Massachusetts, and his little son rapped at the door of the Study. Mr. Moody didn't want to be interrupted with the work he was doing and said rather brusquely: "What do you want?" And the little boy opened the door and said to him: "I don't want anything. I just want to be with you, Daddy." That is the difference in the approach of most of us to prayer. Most people *want* something from God and *demand* something from Him. Our wants would be less and our demands would be less if, instead of wanting something from God we should just want to be near Him, and that nearness will give us strength and power.

Realize the Miracle

(*Continued from page* 9)

UNKNOWN god! Now that unknown god whom you worship in ignorance I have come to proclaim. It is the God that made the world, that gives life and breath to everything, the God in whom we live and move and have our very being!" Paul was pointing out to those in Athens who had this vague awareness but, not the real perception that they were now in the presence of this UNKNOWN God, the one and only—in whom every being has its existence!

In one of our Milwaukee schools recently, a teacher asked a rather innocent question, seemingly. She said to her students: "What great thing is there in the world today that wasn't here fifteen years ago?" And she had no sooner asked the question than one of her pupils in the back of the room shouted the answer: "ME!" Now one might think that that was an egotistical utterance! One might assume that that was a teenager who probably needed discipline—though I question if that is true. Very possibly, that was the beginning of a sense of self-respect and self-dignity! And how can any of us be what God intends us to be having placed His spirit in us if we do not, early in this adventure of life, get a healthy sense of self-dignity and self-respect for what God has made?

Let us consider our subject this morning, then, in three parts. Those of my people whom I see down here, not quite in the front row, from my own beloved church in Milwaukee, they know I ALWAYS have three parts to my sermon! The first part is this: In considering the realization of the miracle that is YOU, let us, first of all, consider the miracle that is our body. If I were to walk among the audience this morning and take your temperature I would discover that, probably, most of you have a temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, varying, possibly, a few tenths to be entirely within the temperature norm —provided in the wisdom of the Creator with an automatic thermostat for the best functioning of our body chemistry! And all of this has been taken care of without the necessity of our conscious effort! God has given us an automatic nervous system to take care of those needs, so we can go on about bigger things! If the temperature were to drop to fifty below, that thermostat would still keep us 98.6 degrees! If the temperature were to rise to a hundred and fifty degrees, still our body would be kept at that normal temperature! If we are cold, we shiver—and the vibration warms us up! If we are hot, we perspire, and that cools us down! All of this goes on within you

and me, because in the wisdom of our Creator he has placed that MIRACLE in each of us!

Or suppose we were to consider the miracle of the blood, which is so essential to the on-going of life. If we were to take a cubic millimeter of blood and place it under the microscope we would discover that one cubic millimeter of blood—or that about the size of a pin head—contains some five million red corpuscles! These are necessary to carry the oxygen from the lungs to the various parts of the human body! And if, then, we were to go from this normal atmospheric level to a higher and less oxygen-filled level, these five million red corpuscles would increase — automatically, without our doing a thing about it—to six million, seven million, eight million, nine million, because it would be necessary to have more carriers to get every bit of oxygen available. Then, if we came back down again to a normal level, these would just disappear — because they wouldn't be needed any more—and all of this would have gone on within your body and mine because of the wisdom of God who made us! As the great physiologist, Dr. Cannon, of Harvard University, used to say: "The more I studied the human body and saw its wisdom, the MORE I believed in God!"

In the second place, let us consider the miracle not only of our bodies but of our souls! I suppose that theology across the centuries has been trying to tell each of us that we have a great destiny — unique, irreplaceable, individual! And then, in recent years, the disciplines of genetics as a biological science have added further evidence to that affirmation. Psychology has come along in the humanities and has joined with genetics and theology to tell you and me that in a very strange, unique, awesome and wonderful way, we are irreplaceable creations! There has never been anybody JUST LIKE YOU before—and there will not be anybody JUST LIKE YOU ever again! This knowledge may make some of our friends rejoice, but that's still the truth! Have you ever considered yourself in that sense? It's most wonderful to do so, for in the midst of a complex and rapidly growing civilization isn't it necessary for each of us, amid the competitive struggle, to find some basic niche that is uniquely ours where we fit and belong and in which we can make the contribution of our self-hood! Oh, I know the difficulty! There are so many people and we do, isn't it true, very often feel like a "drop in the bucket"? I mean, what do we matter! When you try to park you begin to wonder that, don't you? Or when you struggle through a department store or seek to cross a street in a metropolitan city! Why, you see the mushrooming areas all around us—more and more people —and the tendency is for each of us to think: "Well, what do I matter? For what do I count when there really are so many others?" Ah, but you see, genetics says you're unique! Lots of others, yes—but not JUST LIKE YOU! Theology has said it, psychology says it, genetics says it! That means that there is, in a very real sense, a unique miracle which is each one of us! I had this brought to my attention in, perhaps, almost a silly way in my city of Milwaukee last summer. It was one of those hot summer days when I was leisuring along one of our avenues and came to a large department store. I didn't intend to buy anything, but it said "air conditioned" and I thought: "Well, I can go through this store and at least keep cool for one block!" So in I went. Something attracted my attention, so

I stood at a counter just looking at the merchandise and sensed that somebody was approaching me or trying to get my attention and I turned around. And there was a dear, little old lady with a package in her hand, and the minute I turned around she shoved it my way and she said: "This does not fit!" "Well," I said, "madam, I'm deeply sorry, but what did you want me to do about it?" She said: "I want you to exchange it!" I said: "You want me to WHAT?" She said: "I want you to exchange this!" Well, I said: "Why do you want . . ."! She said: "Yesterday, when you sold it to me, you told me I could bring it back and exchange it!" Well now, I know when you can't fight a thing any longer, so I thought I'd go along with it and I said: "I sold this to you yesterday?" "Yes!" "Where?" "Over here!" I said: "Let's go over and exchange it!" I took her by the arm and over we went. I came from behind a large pillar in that particular department and I thought I was confronted with a full-length mirror—I thought this was MYSELF being reflected to me! And then I looked at her, and she was baffled, and so I looked again and, no, this was flesh and blood too—there were three of us there. Finally he gathered himself before I could and he said: "Are you by any chance Rev. Donald from 38th and North?" I said: "Yes!" "Well," he said, "Am I glad to meet you!" I said: "You are? Why?" "For this reason!" I said: "You don't mean to tell me this has happened before!" "Oh, yes!" he said, "This is not the first time!" Well, by this time she was every color in the rainbow, and I thought: "This will be interesting! Let's get it exchanged and get rid of her!" which we did, then the two of us were left together. I said: "What do you mean this has happened before?" "Well," he said, "I had a woman in here a couple of weeks ago who bought an article and she said to me: 'My, that was a wonderful sermon you preached yesterday!'" "And," he said, "as incredible as it seems, a man asked me how I could find the time to be pastor of a large church and lecture as I do and also clerk in this department store!" Well, you see, there was a great feeling all of a sudden that came over me that this was interesting, but superficial. Sure, there was a great sense of physiological similarity which interested me—I didn't think the Lord made two of these, honestly! But there was another, and then I thought to myself: "But how superficial!" Suppose—and this is where our difficulty is, isn't it—suppose we could get past the five senses, as important as they are to us, but get beyond them; then we could enter into this inner world of each individual with the unique structure of his or her personality! All of the experiences which have gone into the making of their life—the friends, companions, associates, education, rearing, parents, children, etc.—we would immediately sense that the exterior was quite superficial and unimportant in its parallel and that each of us was standing in the presence of another life, which is unique, distinct, individual and unduplicatable, bearing the strange and wonderful mark of the Creator with individuality! Each of us is a very separate individual person, and that is a rather awesome thing to consider! I see lots of people who are rather colorless individuals. They are leading what I would term "second-class lives"! They've NEVER discovered themselves! They've NEVER become acquainted with WHO or WHAT they are with their unique possibility—they've NEVER met themselves! And in consequence of that, they are living

rather frustrated and unhappy lives without actually knowing WHY that is true!

Because of the special training which I have had in the field of counselling and psychology, lots of people come to my office for personal interviews. It's amazing how many of them are leading colorless lives because they're "second-hand" people! A man who tells me that in his dreams there's a steam roller trying to crush him to the earth, and in his waking hours he has an awful feeling of impending doom, as if some great and undefined condition were about to crush him! AFRAID to live, because he has NEVER discovered himself! Or I think of a teacher who was sent to me by her superintendent because she couldn't concentrate in her classroom—her mind was always somewhere else! And she confessed to me that: "I didn't want to be a teacher"; "I wanted to be an airline stewardess, but my mother thought that school teaching was safer!" and so she was leading a "second-class" life because she'd NEVER been herself! Or I think of a patient who said to me: "I've never been able to be myself! I've always had to do or be what somebody else thought I ought to do or be, and I have an awful sense of inner emptiness—I just don't know what it's all about!"

I think each of us ought to have a very prayerful session with our Creator. I think we ought to ask Him: "Are we missing the mark?" Have we discovered this unique self-hood that He has implanted in each of us—HAVE we discovered it: ARE we putting it to work and using it, or are we depriving the world of our special contribution that nobody else can make because nobody else is JUST LIKE WE ARE! And only in the making of our unique contribution can we find that inner sense of satisfaction which brings deep happiness and peace! So I think every individual ought to realize the miracle of his own soul and in the presence of the Maker of that soul, ask to WHAT degree he is using his self-hood to the fullest extent!

Now thirdly, and finally, I think each of us ought to resolve each day, somehow, to realize ourselves more fully, more completely, more adequately, with the help of Him who has made us! The soul is not a static and unchanging thing. That's the glorious thing about it—it isn't static and unchanging—it's quite the opposite! It's vital, dynamic, creative, alive, ever becoming—that's what the soul is! And you and I because of the wisdom of our Maker are not stagnated on some dead sea—we are afloat on a vast, creative river of experience! I gave a speech to a large audience in Pennsylvania not too long ago and after I had finished a lady came up to me and she said: "How old do you think I am?" Well, I may look young, but I've been around long enough not to get hung up on THAT one! I said: "My dear, I wouldn't know!" And then she told me, and I was amazed. I would have guessed twenty years less—I should have guessed it! Then she said: "I think you'll be interested in a personal experience of mine!" I had spoken that night on the subject of LIFE CAN BE WONDERFUL—LEARN THE SECRET! She said: "Do you know forty years ago—this is almost the anniversary day—I was in Florida, waiting to die! My husband had died two years before; my daughter was now grown, married and she lived a long way away. I didn't seem to have anything to live for and," she said, "I had to pass through two major operations! And, I understand that the doctor had said to my daughter: 'It's a real question if your

mother will get better, because I don't think she has any will to live!' Well," she said, "during my recuperative period, I used to go out on the beach and walk. I used to meditate and think! One day I was walking —there wasn't anybody anywhere around; I was all alone on the beach —and I could look out over the vast expanse of the ocean and was completely alone with my thoughts and, I guess, probably, with God!" She said: "I thought it was a foggy day, but nobody else seems to have thought it was! And," she exclaimed, "in one particular moment . . . and this is so real," she said: "it seemed as if the fog disappeared and there was a brightness that I had never experienced before! And then a voice spoke to me—I don't know whether it came from without or within—but I heard a voice and that voice said to me: 'Why do you not look within and discover ALL that I have given you!' In that moment my whole life sprung open! I saw, as I had never seen before, all the undeveloped areas of myself, all the possibilities within me, that I had NEVER done anything about! And then", she said, "something MORE wonderful than THAT happened! It seemed as if not only my world opened, but the universe opened, and I beheld in a sense of illumination an ultimate meaning to my life and to the universe to which I belonged! There came over me a feeling that was so profound; namely, that at THAT moment I began to get better!"

Isn't that what C. S. Lewis has said in his latest autobiographical book SURPRISED BY JOY? Reared in the traditional faith and then finding it, he thought, unsatisfactory, he left it. Pioneered in all sorts of things, including agnosticism. And then all of a sudden there came to him a flash of insight, a moment of illumination. He was warned within and, he said, he was SURPRISED BY JOY, for he felt himself captured and brought back by the God revealed in Jesus of Nazareth! And that wonderful illumination, to him, was a wellspring of joy! Isn't that what Paul was telling the people in Athens? I think it is! He was trying to tell these people who were religious, but who were worshipping an *unknown* god in ignorance, that they were worshipping the God in whom they had their very existence—the Creator and the Maker of everything! The God, who breathed His breath of life into His creatures so that they live and move and have their existence in the reality of that God! And I think that that is the beginning of our realization of the miracle we are! Suppose, this morning, you could go out of this church again—for you've heard this before; this is nothing new—but go out with a new sense of awareness that God IS your life, God IS the very movement of your body, God IS the very ground of your being! Go out with a heightened awareness of THAT truth, beloved, and you will realize then, as never before, THE MIRACLE THAT IS YOU!

BOOK CHATS

HOW TO "CASH-IN" ON YOUR WORRIES, by George W. Crane, PhD., M.D.

Dr. Crane gives us the cheering news that it's people with high I.Q.'s who worry. And he thinks we should cash-in on the worry. 60,000,000 daily newspaper readers see Dr. Crane's columns. I could give you many more heavy statistics concerning him, but the main point to me is that if one possesses this book, HOW TO "CASH-IN" ON YOUR WORRIES, one need never go to a psychiatrist. The information you need as well as the inspiration is all contained between the covers of this 318 page book. And there is an index so complete that you can get right at the heart of your particular worry at once without starting at the beginning or even the end of the book.

For instance, under the A's, you might be interested in adoption, advertising, aggressiveness, Antony (Marc), appearance, ardent wives or 23 other things beginning with A. B's: Babies, bachelors, blind men, blondie —I even found my boss listed under the B's, breakdowns, budget worries; buck-passing. C's: Caloric chart, "cheer leader" wives, children (allowance), children (sex problems), cigaret, college, communism, Compliment Club. (That last one all Carnegians will love.)

Dr. Crane is a "Family" psychologist, and he has horse sense, if ever I met that quality. How I wish I might have had a book like this when I was 16 years of age. What a different life I might have had! Once in a while he finds a newspaper which will not print some particular column of his, because he calls a spade a spade. But to me all his language is quite acceptable and delicately used. After I read this book I felt one could do nicely with five books on the bedside stand: The Bible, Happiness Through Creative Living, How to Win Friends and Influence People, How to Cash-In on Your Worries and How to Stop Worrying and Start Living. Dr. Crane does not show you how to banish worry, but rather, how to harness it constructively and productively, without suffering the frequent and unhealthful side effects, such as insomnia, peptic ulcer, spastic colitis and a host of other psychosomatic symptoms that too often are linked with it.

"Worry and fire are two of the greatest boons to mankind when they are controlled properly and directed intelligently. Thus, fire warms our homes and melts the steel for industry.

"But if mankind lets fire get out of hand, it can turn upon man himself and destroy a city or an entire forest and countryside. So it is with worry. If scientifically controlled and steered wisely, it leads to pay increases and business success. It enables us to win sweethearts from keen competition and hold our mates in undying love throughout our Golden Wedding Day."

He is very frank in telling wives how to keep the husband from running off with the 19-year-old secretary. There are also helpful hints to husbands.

I was interested in his scientific analysis of the fact that children do not inherit criminality. He treats of

this in his advice about foster children and adopting children.

The most helpful caloric chart is given, reducing dieting to such simplicity that one practically jumps at the opportunity of taking off even a few excessive pounds.

"I WANT TO FEEL IMPORTANT" is tatooed on the chests of elderly people as well as on youngsters, and Dr. Crane suggests that we tend to steer the thinking of our parents or grandparents into narrow, futile channels by our own salutation: "Hello, Grandpa, how do you feel?" And he continues: "Don't ask an elderly person how he feels! You are not a physician, so leave that query for the doctor. Instead, divert the attention of the elderly person upon external reality with a query about the weather or politics or baseball. Prod him into thinking forward; not backward. This gets his mind off his 'innards.'"

Nearly every page or every other page has a heading on it, although there are only eleven chapters in the book. There are hundreds of these headings, such as: "Delinquents, Don't Blame Your Parents." Under this heading we are told that any average person who is 16 or above, can think for himself and see the evil effects of wrong actions. He can thus profit from his drunken father's example and abhor liquor. He can realize the tragedy of unfaithfulness when he views his dissolute mother's example. He can resolve to act differently.

There is advice to youngsters and oldsters, and middle-of-the-roadsters. Also advice on how to guide your children. It's like owning an encyclopedia on conduct and living and health. It is thoroughly worth the price at $4.95.

You might like to know the chapter headings: Why It's Smart to Worry—Why You Must Face Each Worry and Name It—How to Worry Your Way to a Bigger Income—How Horse Sense Simplifies Vocational Worries—How to Solve Personality Worries — How to Solve Early Sex Worries—How to Solve the Sex Worries in Marriage—How to Cope With Health Worries—Why Worries Keep Old Folks Young—Why We Need a Global "Worry Clinic"—How Vitamin "R" Helps Us Worry More Efficiently.

Dr. Crane gives further assistance, in addition to his index, by suggesting which chapters certain classifications of people should read; that they need not read the 11 chapters consecutively. Certain chapters are especially for Sweethearts and Married Folks; others for Business and Professional People, etc.

* * *

For twenty-five years Lew Ayers has been a student of philosophy and comparative religion. He has followed numerous paths and sought the understanding of many doctrines in his search for spiritual truth and understanding. He is not presently attached to any one religious organization, but is sympathetic to the efforts of all the great religions in helping their followers towards participation in rich, fuller lives. His personal faith is a simple, abiding conviction of the power and presence of God—and the immortal, transcendant destiny of man. It was because of this conviction that he resolved to take a long journey through the Far East and to write a fascinating and inspiring book, which he titled "Altars of the East." He hoped that "in some way an increased knowledge of other peoples throughout the far-flung stretches of the free world nations might bring us closer together and point the way to new avenues for the establishment of permanent peace." He also wanted to make a color motion picture on the various religious faiths of the Orient, and to

accumulate notes and data to write a book on his experiences and findings.

The result is an absorbing and often amusing account of the trip made with his friend, Robert Duncan. It took them some 40,000 miles and lasted almost a year. They interviewed, photographed and traveled in every kind of conveyance, investigating, observing and even participating in the religious ceremonies of many of the creeds and sects they encountered all over the Far East. They went from Japan, Formosa and Hong Kong into Siam and Burma, through India and Pakistan to the Arab lands of the Middle East and Israel. Lew Ayers is currently showing his film, Altars of the East, in major cities throughout the United States.

There are 29 photos in black and white, of ceremonies and images in the book as well as three in color on the cover. Certainly to know why people worship the way they do and to know the reasons for the origin of some of their beliefs should help us to a better understanding of the nations of the world with which we have no close communication. Pick this book up the next time you are in your favorite bookstore; thumb through it sufficiently to see whether it holds a fascination for you. We may broaden our vision to a marvelous degree through the fascinating lore of books. Summer is a good time to do some armchair traveling as well as that we do by train and auto and ship.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WE LIVE so close to ourselves and our own routine of life that we fail to realize how full of interest in retrospect our lives may be. When a name has become well known we read with avid interest the biography of such a life, and yet many and many a life that never has a biography published holds much of interest. I thought of this in reading the following letter which came to Dr. Bradley from Mr. G. W. Burnell, of 452 W. 82nd Street, Chicago:

Dear Rev. Bradley:

As usual I listened to you yesterday over the radio. I have done this for the best part of 30 years—ever since I bought my first radio.

Your message yesterday so inspired me, I felt I had to write to thank you for it. It gives me hope I may enjoy your sermons for a few years longer. I wrote you some time ago and your replies I cherished so much. They help me now I am getting on in years and am not as spry as I was when I was an Usher in McVickers Theatre back in 1890, where Dr. Thomas used to preach every Sunday morning. (Mr. Burnell is referring to Dr. Bradley's sermon on radio Sunday, when he referred to "Some Radio Experiences.")

In my time I have met some very noted and prominent people. Was Page Boy for Mrs. Marshall Field the First, in their home on Prairie Avenue. There I met Adelina Patti, a noted singer at that time; also several others—Gen-

eral Phil Sheridan I knew quite well as he called on the Field's quite often.

I also met Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mr. Moody, the evangelist, who held a meeting five days a week all during the World's Fair in 1893. I had charge of the Ushers during his meetings. We had to turn people away during his stay. The noted lecturer, Mr. W. L. Stoddard, used to lecture in Central Music Hall, located at the corner of State and Randolph Streets, where the Marshall Field Store now stands. When I worked at the store it only ran one half of the block North from Washington Street.

When I was young I used to usher in the best theatres in Chicago, instead of spending my time in the pool rooms. Have had lots of up and downs.

As far back as I can remember I was raised as a member of a branch of the Reformed Episcopalian Church. Bishop Cheney was the head of our church. I was confirmed by him. He preached the funeral service at my dear Mother's funeral. I knew him very well. Our church was located in a poor man's neighborhood, at 28th and Hanover Street, now south Canal Street. Mother was a member of the church, active in church work.

We had 11 in our family; came to America in 1873, from England. Father was a brick mason in England, also here in America. He passed on in 1913. Mother died six years before him.

I am getting on for 87 years of age, born in England, was 3½ years when we came to America; married twice. My first wife was a Canadian, passed away April 1st, 1920. Was a widower for four years, then got married again to a small Dutch woman; been married to her for 32 years. Her father fought in the Civil War. She is 75½ years old, a splendid wife, good cook. Her mother came from Holland. They had quite a large family, 5 girls and 5 boys, the girls all good cooks. Their mother taught them when they were young.

For the past seven years I have been handicapped. Had a major operation for the removal of a tumor. Since then I am not very active, but am able to get about without a cane, though my feet swell at times and am unable to wear shoes; therefore have to use soft slippers.

Have attended your church three times, twice was unable to get up into the auditorium; last time I was there I saw you. Expected to see a different person, but when I heard you speak I was pleased to know I was welcome in your Church.

Hoping I will live long enough to hear more good sermons, I enjoy them so much. Enclosed a small donation. It will help a little toward the great good I get out of it.

G. W. Burnell

* * *

When reading letters that come to Dr. Bradley from young people who have been inspired to write him, one is impressed with the importance of exposing these youngsters to inspiring voices and messages. It is the inspiration of the heart that sets the course of the soul and outlines the goals of life for them. The letter which follows brought that thought to my mind.

Dr. Preston Bradley. Dear Sir:

On Monday, May 7, you were the guest speaker at the Von Steuben High School. I was one of the many students who forgot they were students and tried to listen like adults. In your voice I could tell I was listening to reality. I forgot I was myself and in my mind I said, "I would like to meet the person who brought me such a vital message." I shall always remember this day and the important message I received.

Sincerely yours,

Arnold Levy.

From one of the National Directors of the Izaak Walton League of America, Mr. Lester D. Hoover, of Timberville, Virginia, we make this quotation:

"I cannot express to you my appreciation of your talk at the banquet. It was the most stirring speech I have ever heard. I am only hoping that I will be able to get a recording of it as I have ordered. We are always delighted to have you with us and we trust and pray that it will be many, many years that you can be. . . .

"Looking forward to seeing you in Washington, D.C., in '57 and with kindest personal regards and best wishes, I am."

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Several weeks ago we decided to use your book, "Happiness Through Creative Living," in class at Silent Prayer Sanctuary.

As we were about to begin I was impressed with the following:

"Use chapter 3 of Dr. Bradley's book and turn to the 3rd chapter of the book of James in the Bible."

We read both chapters and it is very inspiring to see how the message in each compares with the other.

When I heard you announce that you would review your book, I thought our experience might interest you. God bless you and yours.

Sincerely,
Sophia Schaffer,
Silent Prayer Sanctuary."

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Had I carried out my good intentions, our letters would have crossed in the mail. Indeed I did, as always, receive something of value and inspiration from attending your service. A Catholic friend was my guest for the day and we attended your service together. As we left the church, he said, "I could have listened to Dr. Bradley for hours more," and I felt the same way. I wish you knew what a "Doctor Bradley fan" I am. I have heard many fine ministers but none, I feel, come quite up to you.

I wanted to hear your sermon on "Overcoming Life's Tensions"—I do hope you will have it published in The Liberalist, please. Best wishes for a happy, restful summer.

Gratefully,
Mrs. Paul B. Morrow.

Mrs. Morrow's wish has been granted, for as you know we published the sermon she mentions in the June Liberalist. There were so many requests for it!

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

A week ago tonight we were with you at the Shakespeare dinner. It was such a sparkling, delightful evening that I have thought of it again and again.

One of our guests wrote us—"Each of those dinners is a memorable occasion and I have been impressed with the magnitude of intellect represented there. But with it goes such delightful informality and such good spirits and real friendliness that it can only be considered a unique privilege to be present. I doubt if there is anything comparable anywhere in the country. I don't know. I believe it takes a *Mrs. Ferguson* and a *Preston Bradley* to put it over!"

Those are *our sentiments* exactly, and I want to thank you both for the pleasure you gave everyone—I only hope it was given without too great a cost of energy from you. Sometime, when things pile up too high, please pick up your phone and let us hear your voice saying that you and your lovely wife are coming up to us at Bjorklunden, where I can assure you,

you will find peace in our Chapel and a welcome in our hearts.

Thank you for the beautiful words spoken about our Chapel. We were very touched by them.

Sincerely,
Winifred C. Boynton.

Our readers will remember the book "Faith Builds a Chapel," reviewed in our Book Chats at the time it was published, which told of how Mr. and Mrs. Donald S. Boynton built the lovely chapel up in the North woods. In 1954 at the Shakespeare dinner, Mrs. Boynton received an award for distinguished service to literature.

* * *

Again we hear from youth.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I like to express my appreciation and gratitude to people who add to my life that which enriches it. You have never met me, and probably never will, but the talk you gave in Sioux City at the Izaak Walton League and combined Y.O.A. banquet was very inspiring to me. After being at the convention, listening to the discussion, participating in the fun and attending the banquet where I first heard you, I know I was a lucky girl to have been chosen.

God continue to bless you as he has up to now.

Sincerely,
Jean Lloyd, West Virginia 4-H,
Glenville State College.

* * *

And from the Regional Group Office of the Home Life Insurance Company of N.Y.:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is just a short note to tell you again how delighted we were to have you as our principal speaker at our Junior Chamber of Commerce banquet last Wednesday night.

As was quite evident, everyone in attendance was thrilled by the fine talk you gave. Speaking personally, it was an honor and a pleasure to meet you, and I really don't remember when I have enjoyed a conversation as much as the one we were able to have during dinner.

If you are ever down at One North LaSalle, please drop in. If you have the free time, I would like very much to have lunch with you.

Cordially,
Joseph L. McKernan,
District Group Manager.

* * *

From Baxley, Georgia and from the State of Georgia 4-H Club Council Dr. Bradley received this fine letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Please accept this belated note of appreciation with my deepest sincerity. Sir, I gained many things from the trip that your organization gave to me to the Young Outdoor Americans Conference, but the association that I had with you was truly the highlight of the meeting for me. If I had only been able to meet you, the trip would have been a great and successful one for me. But I had a double experience, because I got much valuable experience and I also got to have the wonderful experience of meeting and taking with you.

Perhaps the inspiration that you gave me will be reflected to your glory in my life.

Hoping to see you again, I remain
Sincerely,
Dan Minchew, President,
Georgia 4-H Council
(1956 YOA Delegate)

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MAY

1—Wedding.
Address. Orak Temple, Hammond, Indiana.

2—Address. Annual Banquet, Elks Club, Waukegan, Ill.

4—Cut five 15-minute transcriptions, WJJD.

5—Funeral.

6—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Sermon. Park Manor Congregational Church.

7—Address. Von Steuben High School Assembly. Juniors and Seniors.
Address. Von Steuben High School. Freshmen and Sophomores.
Address. Radiant Lodge. Ravenswood Masonic Temple.

8—Two funerals.
Address. Woman's Auxiliary, St. David's Episcopal Church, Glenview, Illinois.

9—Address. Recognition Dinner, Robertson's Store, South Bend, Indiana.

10—Funeral. Hon. Livingston Osborne, Chairman, Ill. Athletic Commission. Oriental Consistory Cathedral. Gov. Stratton and other high officials present.
Tape recording for Virgil Kraft, WSEL, for May 10th use.

11—Funeral.
Address. Spring Dinner, Church School, Peoples Church.

12—Funeral.
Address. Annual Luncheon, American Pen Women, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

13—Sermon. Peoples Church.

14—Funeral.

15—Address. Midland Author's Society. Melvyn Douglas, Guest of Honor.
Sick Call.
Address. Closing meeting, Men's Club, Peoples Church.

16—Address. Annual Citizen's Dinner. Salvation Army, Masonic Temple, Decatur, Illinois.

17—Sick calls.

18—Three funerals.
Party for Choir of Peoples Church.

19—Three weddings.

20—33rd Radio Anniversary Service of Peoples Church.
Address. Linne celebration, 249th Anniversary of his birth.

22—Address. Commencement. Piney Woods Country Life School, Piney Woods, Mississippi.

24—Funeral.
Address. Annual meeting North Suburban Synagogue Beth El, Highland Park, Illinois.

25—Commencement address. Community High School, Apple River, Wisconsin.

26—Chairman of Friends of Library Annual Luncheon, Bismarck Hotel.

27—Sermon. Peoples Church. Memorial Sunday Service.
Address. Memorial Sunday Sevice. Forest Home Cemetery, Columbia Post Monument.

28—Commencement Address. Bureau Township High School, Princeton, Ill.

29—Sick calls.

30—Address. Commonwealth Edison Co. Post Luncheon.

31—Commencement Address. Linden High School, Linden, Michigan.

FUNERALS

5—Don K. Tomajan

8—Fred C. Starr
Mrs. Elizabeth Messenger

10—Livingston Osborne

11—John J. Mackey

12—Conrad Swanson

14—Mrs. John Hilhorst

18—Mrs. Rudolph Ganz
Mr. Edward Hagelin
Mrs. Martha E. Stone

24—Milton C. Neul

WEDDINGS

1—Mrs. Edna M. Williams and R. A. Marmaduke

19—Mrs. Martha Schultz and Anton F. Sobkowiak
Marie Young and Kenneth Parlour
Judy Wilkes and Bobby Stewart

CHRISTENINGS

13—Judith Ann Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Chapman
Erwin Martin Hein, Jr., Kenneth Jay Hein and Beth Ellen Hein, children of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Martin Hein

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.
(Closed for summer June 10th. Re-opens Sept. 16)

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
(Closed for summer June 10th. Re-opens Sept. 16)

Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (January, February and March)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club (From September to May) Opening Luncheon in Sept. 1956. Summer events by notice to members. Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle, Corresponding Secretary, 4442 Magnolia Ave. (40).....12:30 noon

Professional and Business Woman's Club (From September to May) Opening Dinner, Sept. 18, 1956. Mrs. Peggy Noble, Corresponding Secretary, 930 W. Argyle St. (40)..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club (From September to May) Meetings held on 4th Tuesday of month... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam* Channing Club, as announced, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday during church season. New Members Welcomed.. 9:30 a.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....3:30 p.m.

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